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O I L.

By JULIAN CROSKEY.

IKNOW that the oil-fields have been described over and over again. I have myself read, years ago, in an old *Harper's*, an article on 'A Lampful of Oil,' which probably said all that the encyclopædias say; and beyond a cursory visit to one or two oil-fields in the States and Ontario, and the gossip of old hands on the spot, I know nothing about oil. Nevertheless, and in spite of this, I am moved to make my own remarks on the industry, from the conceit that a novelist must necessarily have a novel point of view. Moreover, I am writing in Canada; and oil, trite old topic as it is, is beginning to be breathed of mysteriously as one of the new secret treasures of the frozen north. The north coast of Canada is destined to at least as much development as the north coast of Siberia. The world moves, wiping off the old areas and eras of discovery.

My first experience of oil was in China, where at one time it was my business to prepare returns of its importation into that country. Russian oil was then coming into the Eastern market; and it advanced by leaps and bounds, the competition lowering the price of American. Oil thus became the anti-friction advance-guard of civilisation in China. Its insinuating properties glided through the prejudice of centuries. It spread with a steady, rapid, imperceptible stealth into remote parts of that empire, carrying with it the practice and allurements of foreign trade. Lamp-oil and matches are probably the most widely used barbarian innovations in China.

In China, too, I first came into contact with oil-ships. Oil alone preserved a little longer the deep-sea sailor and the noble sailing-ship. Oil is a bulky cargo, and its market is certain and fairly steady in the East. It thus paid better to send it from New York and Philadelphia round Cape Horn, rather than overland by expensive freight train to San Francisco; and to make that long voyage it was necessary to do it cheaply.

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Steamers burn coal, and half their capacity is taken up with engines. Sailing-ships were therefore employed; and so a new impulse was given to shipbuilding, the largest four-masted ships in the world being turned out to carry oil, and fresh employment found for the sailor whose occupation was gone, unless he abandoned the 'sea' and shipped aboard a 'steamboat.'

Another very important economic growth, which, I believe, owes its origin to oil, is the 'combine;' I refer to the Standard Oil Trust (Rockefeller), which, if I am not mistaken, is the father as well as the leader of the huge modern monopoly organisations. Nothing but oil could have produced such an amalgamation, although wheat follows easily; and presently, I presume, we shall see all the tobacco in the world, from Cuba and Manila, as well as from Virginia and Carolina, handled by a single trust, which must surely this time call itself openly the Government. But neither wheat nor tobacco can ever be reduced to one market grade, such as the raw petroleum of Pennsylvania is. The origin of the great combine is common history, although I have not read or heard a definite acknowledgment that this economic system grew directly from physical needs. All the oil was virtually found *en masse* in a more or less level and united district, in the valley of the Alleghany River, between Bradford Field and Pittsburg. As prices went down, the need of economic working, transport, and storage was felt. It began, I believe, with an extended system of pumping worked by a single engine. In 1876 the United Pipe Lines Company was formed. Eight years later pumps, pipes, and tanks were amalgamated in the one company. The oil is now run direct to the ports of shipment by underground pipes, one hundred miles and seventy miles respectively, to Cleveland and Buffalo, on the shores of Lake Erie, for Western and Canadian consumption; and three lines each, from two hundred to three hundred miles long, to the ports of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, for export abroad. There

was a talk of running a pipe under the Niagara to supply Canada; but whether it exists or not I have not inquired. I believe there were difficulties in the way of collecting duties.

My next experience of oil was in London, Eng. It is very painful to a Cockney to have to add 'Eng.' after the name of his Metropolis; and I move that the name of London, Ont., should be changed, as well as London, N.Z., &c. There should be but one London in the world, especially now we have imperial penny postage. Well, oil in London, Eng., does not admit of original remarks. Its price last year was sixpence, sevenpence, and tenpence a gallon; and the oils at sevenpence and tenpence were drawn from the same tank by two different pipes. It is a boon to the bachelor, both for light, heat, and cooking. But when I came to Canada, much poorer than I was in England, with six months of short days and cold winter before me, what was my dismay to find that the same oil, American refined, cost one shilling and threepence a gallon—that is to say, more than double the London price! And what is the reason of this absurdity, next door to the oil-country, and in a land where nearly every one is poor, and every one in need of large quantities of oil? Simply the old story of protection—the protection of 'home industries.' For, as an alternative to the dear American oil, you are offered Canadian oil, and that still at tenpence a gallon. Canadian oil I am therefore obliged to use, and my vexation does not diminish. With a very little provocation Canadian oil stinks and smokes, rendering the humble and useful half-crown oil-stove a 'deadly terror' in a small room. Full of indignation, I kicked over my stove and burnt my house down, and rushed off to discover where this abominable oil was produced, and, if possible, to torpedo the whole field. Now, therefore, my article comes up to date, and gets ahead of the encyclopaedia. But I regret to confess that there is little novelty in the latest find.

The active Canadian oil-field is situated in the south-west extremity of the Ontario peninsula, near the American border at Detroit. It is also near London, Ont. Its centre is the town of Petrolia, and it is called, I believe, Sarnia Oil. It looks, I must confess, a big and thriving business; and with the present tariff protection, and until there is more competition from other native fields, it cannot fail to thrive—the climate, as I have said, demanding oil. The matter has brought home to me the inwardness of that still-vexed *Bermonthe*, the free-trade question. It is the same as agriculture in England. An important but quite local national industry thrives, while the people suffer considerably. Supposing that the oil consumed in England were produced in England, 'where would the Government be' if the price went up from sixpence to tenpence?

Petrolia has a population of about six thousand persons, four thousand of whom are probably

men working on oil. The Lambton district oil-field is thirty-five miles long by four wide. It contains over nine thousand wells, over each of which is a tripod derrick some thirty feet high. The appearance of the district is that of an enormous hop-field. The smell of sulphur, acids, and oil is felt while yet a long way off, and the rattle and screech of the unceasing 'jerkers' is painful to a delicate ear. These 'jerkers' are the pumps, a hundred wells being pumped by one engine by means of long connecting-rods. There are two or three hundred engines, the largest being, I believe, a hundred horse-power. The capital invested—most of it, like one's ancestors, underground—is currently estimated at some millions of pounds sterling; but, while it is undoubtedly a big, genuine industry, I am always willing to take salt with Canadian financial statements. The pioneers of Petrolia are, I believe, Messrs Fairbank and Fraser, M.P.'s who, I hope, have made a proper competence from their patriotic industry. They frankly confess, I hear, that the removal of the protective tariff would at once swamp Petrolia.

Oil always carries with it a host of satellite industries, and is therefore a splendid developing agency for a young country. Barrels, pipes, boilers, tanks, machinery, drills, carts, are necessary utensils, and their manufacture summons an industrious population. Hungry in pursuit of this population come other satellites, whose moral utility is so highly estimated in Canada that he would surely be an ill-natured sceptic who should insinuate anything to the contrary. Petrolia, accordingly, duly boasts a Methodist church, a Baptist church, a Presbyterian church, a Roman Catholic church, an Episcopal church, and a Salvation Army, and cordially supports their ardent representatives.

In farming, in the production of food-products, it is pleasant to see each family working its own farm; but the production of an article like lamp-oil is similar to the supply of water or gas. Now, at Petrolia the wells are divided up among some hundreds of small holders, who rent pumping-power and sell the crude oil to a number of rival refineries, who again tank independently. Under such a system the delicate processes of refinement and the utilisation of the precious wastes cannot be done to perfection at the lowest cost. The subdivision of ownership is seen by the eye in a minor form which is positively cheerful, homely, and amusing. You see labourers pumping away at little wells in their own back-gardens, as your city clerk rakes his flower-bed of a Sunday. Finally, the oil-beds of Lambton are poor, the majority of wells giving only half a barrel a day. I am not writing this article particularly to criticise Canadian oil. I am writing about oil, and Petrolia came in my way. I have an ardent enthusiasm about Canadian progress, and should be sorry to decry Canadian

industry. At the same time, public opinion is bottled up, and I assert that the oil is dear and short of perfect; and if, with protection, a better oil cannot be produced at a cheaper price, I say—abolish protection.

With that let us pass on. The most interesting thing about petroleum oil is its uses apart from the lamp. The best known of these uses was mentioned long ago by Marco Polo, who informs us that Batoum oil was used by the natives as a cure for dog-mange. Sixty or seventy years ago it was found by local American farmers to be a good emollient for horses. For a long time Seneca oil was sold as a patent medicine for rheumatism. The common cheap oil, scented up a little, is still sold in patent bottles for the same purpose under a catching name. But every housewife by this time knows its useful properties, without buying it in bottles. Primarily, it is good for the hair—falling hair, scurvy hair, mangy hair. Dog-owners know its properties. A spoonful of oil in boiling water washes clothes; this the Chinese laundryman knows. It removes rust. It is good for sore throat and rheumatics. Internally, it cures or kills consumption. The French have recently discovered that it is a substitute for absinthe. I fancy manufacturers of 'Forty Rod' (whisky) credit it with spiritual properties. It lubricates. It makes wax vaseline, candles, chewing-gum. It gives anthracene, the basis of aniline dyes. And the greatest question of all awaiting solution is, Will it drive ships? As a matter of fact, it has driven Nobel's fleet on the Caspian for fifteen years.

Interesting, too, is the part it has played in religious superstitions. *Vide* encyclopedia. The only instances I remember are the common ones: Zoroaster and the fire-worshippers of Persia, and the pilgrimages still maintained by Hindus to the naphtha springs of Baku; the Seneca Indians, who applied torches to the gas and danced; the Athabasca Indians, who worship it best by cooking their pots over the gas-jets; capitalists and jobbers, who call it Mammon; and the poor man crouching over his half-crown stove.

As I write this I learn that oil has been put to a new use—that of 'metalling' dirt-roads. It is strange that its well-known cohesive property should only now be 'discovered'; we discovered it in China, as a coating for mud tennis-courts, years ago. The *Scientific American* states that Mr. Rockefeller gave the engineer a tank of oil to experiment with.

Oil is like coal or water: you can never be quite sure where you will strike it, even on a well-defined bed. Drilling is therefore always going on, for a well soon runs dry, and there is always a chance of striking a gusher, or—in gold language—a pocket. There exists, of course, more than one rule-of-thumb, as well as scientific, theory for hitting it off, as there is for water. It may lie in streaks, belts, pools, or be evenly

distributed over a wide area. Here again divided ownership causes a great waste of capital, for in small holdings every man is anxious to tap a pool, which probably runs under his neighbour's acre, whereas under an amalgamated company wells can be sunk systematically when required. In the old days a man might comfortably ruin himself over a single well, the expense of boring costing about five hundred pounds, and the depth varying from fifteen hundred to two thousand five hundred feet; the time required for the operation was some weeks. Nowadays it takes about a week, and costs less, the operation of drilling having been brought to perfection, and being worked, of course, by steam-power. If the first layer of compressed sand is found dry, or has run dry, you call in the 'torpedo-fiend.' His charge is from five pounds to ten pounds. They use nowadays about thirty pints of liquid nitro-glycerine and a time-fuse. Formerly you lowered your dynamite in tin cans, and dropped a ten-pound brick on it, an undertaking which was no doubt exhilarating to the 'fiend,' especially when four hundred pints was used, equivalent to five thousand pounds of gunpowder. The explosion is felt, not heard. If you have struck a pool it gushes, and before the system of drains and tanks was perfected a gusher could flood the whole town; and you had only to drop a match in it to see as pretty a conflagration as the Fire of London. Hundreds of barrels have been filled from a gusher in a few hours, which compares favourably with half a barrel a day. In the early days of speculation, if I remember rightly, such a torpedo would produce as instantaneous an effect on the market as on the well.

But I think the most interesting thing about Nature's fuel-stores is fire after all. Well, when an oil-tank gets on fire I forget how long it burns; but it is something like a volcano, and you just have to let it rip. But dribbled into a lamp it would burn for centuries. You can calculate this by seeing that a pint will last for about twelve hours to write by, and an average storage tank holds, I believe, about three hundred thousand pints. That would burn, then, cheerfully for a thousand years, I reckon. Spread along the ground the flame runs in a wall about ten feet high for the width of the street, and gobble things up as it goes. Spread over the water it warns ships, and those down-stream always weigh anchor without customs formalities. Spread over its own sandy beds it flickers along the hillside in an everlasting blue, gaseous will-of-the-wisp; whether rain puts it out and lightning relights it is open to question. In this condition it is called naphtha springs and worshipped. In other parts you bore a hole and a good steady gas-jet comes up on which you can cook; this is how Indians use it, and Chinese also. The great manufacturers of Pittsburg have been run entirely by natural gas, which is bored for separately

and conveyed in pipes, like oil. This gas, however, is part of the oil ; its presence is necessary to force the oil up the well-tubes. Manufacturers who use gas are naturally anxious about its staying powers. That there is a very great deal of it has been proved in more ways than one. One unlucky borer struck a gas-gusher which filled the whole valley, and to get rid of it an ingenious boy had the happy thought of throwing a lighted tar-ball into the smoke. Need I go on ? The nuisance was wiped out at once—and so was the valley. Several gas-wells have gone on 'blowing off' or 'spouting' for years without any apparent diminution, and it is the hardest thing in the world to get a 'reduced premium' of fire or life insurance there. One enterprising agent started 'drumming for lives' in a village one day, and drove as thriving a trade as a cure-all seller standing on a cart at a fair ; but something gushed and drowned him, and his contracts were repudiated.

For other instances of the staying powers of Nature's fuel we must turn to coal. (See 'Derelict Ships' in *Chambers's Journal*, Jan. 20, 1894.) The *Ada Iredale*, iron coal barque, got a fit of spontaneous combustion in October 1876, and was deserted. In June 1877 the derelict was towed into port still burning. In May 1878 it at last 'burnt out,' and the iron shell was refitted as a ship. As with a tank, you can do nothing but let it burn out. The *John T. Berry*, by-the-bye, was an oil-ship ; I forgot I had this instance in my note-book. She began burning in January 1888, and capsized in June. On the Mackenzie River there is a bed of lignite which has been burning for over one hundred years, the miles of smoke and vapour being visible to-day as they were to the discoverer of the river. I remember reading recently that a Staffordshire coal-mine has only just burnt out after a similar century of ignition.

In conclusion, I will add a few of those

gigantic statistics about the Standard Oil Trust which 'speak for themselves,' certainly they are not to be spoken about. They are quite the latest figures and fairly authentic. The latest achievement has been the securing control of all the Canadian wells, and as a result the price of oil was increased 43 per cent. This trust is also interested in a combination of seed-crushing oil companies in Great Britain.

Mr John D. Rockefeller, the founder of the company in 1870 or thereabouts, is computed at the present day to be worth about fifty million pounds. His assets in the Standard are put down at thirty million dollars. The Standard Oil Trust no longer exists, but has been dissolved and reorganised as The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, with a capital of one hundred and ten million dollars. Mr J. A. Rockefeller's younger brother, William, is president. The company employs twenty-five thousand men, whose weekly wages amount to seventy-five thousand pounds. It controls twenty-five thousand miles of pipe-lines, thirty thousand miles of railroad, two hundred steamers, seven thousand wagons, and three thousand tank-cars. It has forty thousand tanks, holding at any given moment over a thousand million gallons of oil. Over a million pounds sterling are spent every year in five-gallon export tins, and a like sum for locally-used barrels. This is an imposing *imperium in imperio*, and marks out Mr Rockefeller as a really great man. Unlike the Vanderbilts and Goulds, he has made his immense fortune—by far the greatest in the world—by himself alone. Mr Rockefeller's age is sixty, and he first engaged in oil in 1862. In 1870 he formed a local Standard. In 1880 the great society trust was organised. He is a tall, well-formed man, with a clipped moustache and a close-shut mouth, which has one characteristic. It tells his lifelong Napoleonic motto—'I undertake nothing in which I am not master.'

TORPEDO-BOAT 240.

CHAPTER III.

HE lieutenant had just finished the story of how Torpedo-boat 240 came to her end, when the captain came into the cabin. 'Mr Winter,' he said, 'your boat is still towing astern ; the sea is getting up fast, and I should say she will soon be swamped. It is scarcely worth while stopping to get her on board ; indeed, it would be a dangerous business to send men down into her to hook on the falls. I should think we might as well cast her adrift.'

'Certainly, captain ; even if you could get her up she would not be worth taking across the Atlantic and back again ; but before you do so

I will write a line saying that all hands have been picked up by you, and will put it in a box or a bottle and drop it down into her ; then, if she happens to be picked up by any homeward-bound vessel, it will relieve people's minds at home.'

'That is a very good idea,' the captain said. 'I will tell the steward to give you a tin biscuit-box ; he can leave it half-full of biscuits so as to give it weight, and prevent the wind catching it as you drop it into the boat.'

Five minutes later the boat was hauled up alongside, and the box with its message dropped into it ; a log of wood was then fastened to the

painter so as to keep the boat's head to the sea, and the rope dropped overboard. Contrary to expectations, the wind died down in the morning, and bright weather followed. The captain had told Winter that if they should pass a homeward-bound ship he would put him and the crew on board, but that it was scarcely likely this would happen.

'You see,' he said, 'the homeward-bound and outward-bound ships follow different courses, so as to reduce the chances of collision; besides, we are already north of the New York liners; we changed our course last night as soon as we had fairly passed Cape Clear. Generally we go north of Ireland, but it makes very little difference, and there was a large batch of emigrants ready to embark at Queenstown.'

'It was a very fortunate occurrence for us that it was so,' the lieutenant said. 'Personally, I do not object to a run across the Atlantic, and shall not grieve if we do not get a chance of being transferred into a homeward-bound craft, though I should like to pass within signalling distance of one, so that we might send back news of our being saved.'

'Well, Miss Aspern,' the lieutenant asked as they walked up and down the deck after breakfast, 'do you still hold to your idea of having a private torpedo-boat on the Hudson?'

'Why, certainly; but I don't propose to go long voyages in her, Mr Winter, or to take the risk of running against floating timber. What a pleasant trip that was at Cork! What do you think—could I get such a boat built at home, or had I better have her out from England?'

'You would get one built out there, certainly, Miss Aspern; though I can't say whether you would get one quite so fast. You see, the making of these torpedo-boats is a speciality in the hands of two or three firms; either Thornycroft or Yarrow could turn out exactly what you want, guaranteed to run up to twenty or twenty-two knots an hour.'

'That would certainly be the best, Mr Winter. Of course I should not like anything to pass us; we hate being beaten in the States, you know. Could she be brought over on board a steamer?'

'Quite easily. If I were you I should have only the hull and engines from the English firm, and then you could have her fitted up according to your own fancy when you get her out. I know some of your American yachts are marvels in the way of decoration.'

And so passed day after day. Once or twice the smoke of a steamer was seen on the horizon; but none came within anything like signalling distance, and Winter was conscious of satisfaction that it was so.

'It would be much better for me if a steamer came along and took me back,' he said to himself. 'I am making a fool of myself here; it was all very well at Cork, where I thought it was not likely

I should ever see her again; but this is different. These sea voyages play the mischief with a man; and then she is wonderfully pretty and full of life, and those funny little bits of Yankee slang fetch one somehow. If I had met her at Plymouth, and she had been the daughter of a country parson or solicitor, or something of that sort, without a penny, and would have been willing to wait until I get my step, it would have been different; but I am not going to be fool enough to tell a girl whose father is worth millions, and who talks about spending eight or ten thousand pounds on a boat, as if she were buying a new bonnet, that I have been fool enough to fall in love with her. Not exactly. Well, there are only three or four more days of it, and I have had what she would call a good time, and it is well worth it even if I do feel bad later on.'

Two nights later Lieutenant Winter was leaning against the bulwarks smoking a cigar before turning in. They had just before dark sighted the low coast of Anticosti, upon whose dangerous shores innumerable vessels have been cast away; the next day they would be in the mouth of the St Lawrence, and another short day's steaming would take them up to Quebec. He was thinking that, after all, it would have been better if any other steamer than the *Manitoba* had picked them up. Suddenly he started. At a short distance he saw through the mist the outline and sails of a schooner, just on the vessel's beam. Another moment and there was a dull crash; he ran down below and knocked at the door of Mrs Aspern's state-cabin.

'Mrs Aspern, I think you and Miss Aspern had better put on your things again, and take two or three wraps, and come on deck; we have just been in collision with a small craft. I don't suppose there is much damage done; but there is nothing like getting ready, in case of anything having gone wrong.'

Then he ran up on deck again and hurried forward. The emigrants were pouring up in a state of wild panic, while the sailors were running out from the forecastle. 'Quartermaster,' he said as his own men appeared, 'keep the men together. I don't know that any damage is done; but if there is there will be a lot of trouble with these emigrants, so keep them together near the boats, and, if possible, keep the passengers from making a rush. I will be back again presently.'

He went to the side and looked over; there was no sign of the vessel that had so mysteriously appeared close at hand. She had doubtless dropped astern, while the way of the steamer had carried her on for some distance; but, looking down, he saw a great yawning hole in the ship's side; several of the plates had been stove right in, and a torrent of water was pouring in through the gap. He returned to his men, who were gathered in a group.

'Make your way aft, men; cut off the covers of the boats there, and swing them out ready for lowering; there is not a moment to be lost; the water is coming in like a sluice.'

The captain by this time was on the bridge, and shouting to the passengers to keep order, as there was no danger. Mr Winter bounded up the ladder to him.

'I have just been looking over the side, captain. There is a hole as big as a barn door. You won't float five minutes. I should advise you to get the boats down.'

'Are you quite sure there is no hope, Mr Winter?'

'Quite certain, sir.'

The captain leaned over the bridge and gave orders to two of the officers, who were trying to restore order, to lower the boats, and to make the sailors keep the passengers off, and let the women and children get in first. Short as was the time since the blow had been struck, the ship's head was already very perceptibly lower. Winter had again run down into the saloon, which was by this time full of terrified passengers.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said in a loud, clear voice that made itself heard above the confusion, 'I should advise you all to go on deck at once. The ship has received serious injury, and the crew are getting ready to lower the boats; pray enter them quietly—the ladies and children, of course, first; there will be plenty of time for you all to take your places if there is no crowding.'

There was a rush to the companion. At this moment Miss Aspern and her mother came out from the state-room.

'Is there really danger, Mr Winter?' the girl asked quietly.

'Yes, Miss Aspern; the ship won't float five minutes, perhaps not that; but the boats are being got out.'

They stood quiet for a minute or two, for the

companion was crowded with passengers struggling with each other in their eagerness to be first on deck. 'Now we can go up, Miss Aspern,' the lieutenant said at last. On reaching the deck they found that a number of the emigrants had rushed aft, and that there was a wild struggle going on round the boats. These were already crowded, the seamen being over-powered with numbers.

'Stand here a moment,' Winter said, and pushed his way through the crowd. 'You fools,' he shouted, 'do you all want to be drowned together? Don't you see you are preventing the men from doing their work? Ah! there you are, quartermaster; now lower the falls away. Johnson and Harris, stand by me and keep off these cowards.'

Fighting desperately, the three men for the moment kept back the throng till the boat disappeared from view. Then the lieutenant leaned over the bulwark.

'Lie by for a moment, quartermaster; you must make room for two more ladies anyhow.' He then turned round and shouted, 'Make for the other boats; this is full.'

He rushed back, caught up Mrs Aspern in his arms, and, bidding her daughter follow, again made his way to the side. The boat was floating a few yards away.

'Here, boatswain, a little nearer!' Two men who had got out oars backed water, and he dropped Mrs Aspern into the stern; then he turned to look for her daughter, but she was nowhere near, having been swept away by the crowd of passengers who were rushing towards the boats on the other side.

'Where are you, Miss Aspern?' he shouted.

'Here,' she said, struggling through the crowd. He caught hold of her hand, and then suddenly stopped as he felt the deck rising below his feet.

'It is too late,' he exclaimed; 'over the side is our only chance.'

TOMBOPENING.

By G. L. APPERSON.

THERE seems to be a fatality,' says Hawthorne in *Our Old Home*, 'that disturbs people in their sepulchres when they have been over-careful to render them magnificent and impregnable—as witness the builders of the Pyramids, and Hadrian, Augustus, and the Scipios, and most other personages whose mausoleums have been conspicuous enough to attract the violator.' And not only have the great ones of the earth been disturbed in their last repose, but some of them—Pharaohs and Ptolemies—have been ignobly exposed to the

gaze of the vulgar, and purchased by the cash of the curious.

Nor have the last resting-places of humbler folk enjoyed immunity from disturbance. Many graves have been opened by accident, many more of deliberate purpose. The opening of ancient barrows and mounds, and the digging in caves and other old-world burial-places, have added largely to our knowledge of the life and customs of our far-distant forerunners. Literature owes a debt also to at least one such opening, for the quaintly rich and stately prose of Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* was inspired by the digging up of a

number of old Roman funeral urns in a field at North Walsingham, Norfolk.

As a rule the interest of such discoveries is purely archaeological; but occasionally the long-buried relics of humanity, when thus dragged to light, have a strangely touching human significance. Some years ago Signor Rodolfo Lanciani described the discovery of a number of cinerary urns at Rome. Among them was one which contained the remains of a boy who had been page to the Emperor Tiberius. With the remains were the pathetic evidences of his childish tastes—fragments of a doll, a small chicken of terracotta, and other touching memorials of the boy's play-hours. In an ancient coffin unearthed by the same explorer, which contained the remains of a young bride who had been buried in her bridal dress and ornaments, were not only her earrings, necklace, and other jewellery, and various articles of her toilet, but also an 'exquisite little doll carved in oak.' Could anything more pathetic be imagined than the bringing to light of the doll, which some sixteen hundred years ago was placed by sorrowing friends beside the body of the dead child-bride?

The scientific interest connected with the opening of tombs, however, is a thing of very recent growth. The graves of the great and famous were opened in days gone by from motives of plunder or of curiosity, or sometimes simply with a view to the removal of the remains, for one reason or another, to some other place of rest. It was curiosity that made Alexander the Great open the tomb of Cyrus; and, to cover many centuries at a stride, it was curiosity which led to the opening, a few months ago, of the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire in the Panthéon at Paris. With regard to these two prophets of the Revolution, there had long been a legend that at the restoration of the monarchy the remains of both Rousseau and Voltaire had been removed by night from the former church of St Géneviève, placed in a sack, and thrown into a country ditch outside Paris. The opening of the reputed tombs in the Panthéon proved that this story was a delusion, for the remains of both philosophers were found and identified. It was known that the surgeon who made the *post-mortem* examination of Voltaire's body had sawn the skull through horizontally above the eyes, and the skull found in the Panthéon tomb was thus cut in two. Rousseau's skeleton was in good preservation, with the bones of the arms still crossed.

Tomb-opening sometimes leads to curious revelations. In 1165 Frederick Barbarossa caused the last resting-place of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle to be opened, and the dead emperor was found seated on a marble throne, with the imperial mantle about his shoulders. The Gospels were on his knees, and his sword by his side. The throne can still be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle; but

some of the other relics are now in Vienna. Another great emperor, Charles V. of Germany, has twice been disturbed in his burying-place. His original place of sepulture was a vault in front of the high altar in the church of the Escorial; but in 1654 his body and those of his descendants were removed to the Pantheon in Madrid. Sir William Stirling Maxwell has described the scene in his *Cloister Life of Charles V.* As the body of the emperor was placed in his marble sarcophagus, he says, 'the coverings were removed to enable Philip IV. to come face to face with his great ancestor. The corpse was found to be quite entire, and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, said the pious, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of fourscore winters.' More than a century later the sarcophagus was opened to gratify the curiosity of Charles III. of Spain and his guest, William Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. The features were still unchanged, and the wild thyme was still fresh and sweet.

Occasionally actual desecration of the remains has accompanied the opening of tombs. When the body of St Teresa was restored to Alva by order of Pope Sixtus V. in 1586, it lay in state for some time before reinterment. A miraculous perfume is said to have emanated from the remains; and one noble spectator who managed to touch the saint's arm, and then feared to wash his hands lest the fragrance should depart, was delighted to find that no washing would affect it. One devotee took a finger of the corpse, and another a portion of skin. Later the saint was once more disturbed with a view to the remains being placed in a still more magnificent shrine; and again portions were removed as relics. The General of the Carmelites, who had come from Italy on purpose to be present, himself distributed these relics. One onlooker was made happy by a single finger-joint. 'The General himself,' says Froude, who has vividly described the ghastly scene, 'shocked the feelings or roused the envy of the bystanders by tearing out an entire rib. Then it was over, and all that remained of Teresa was left to the worms.'

In our own country not a few monarchs and men of note have been disturbed in their coffins. Nearly a century and a half ago the tomb of Edward I. was opened in Westminster Abbey, and Longshanks was measured and found to be six feet two inches in length. The body was wrapped in royal robes, studded with many pearls, with a crown of gilt metal on the head, and two sceptres of the same in his hands. The grave of an earlier Edward, the famous Confessor, in the same sacred building, has been opened thrice. The first occasion was in 1098, when Henry I., curious to know whether the Confessor's body remained incorrupt, had the tomb opened in the presence of Bishop Gundulf, who helped

himself to a hair drawn from the Saxon monarch's long white beard. Twice later, in 1163 and in 1269, the grave was opened for the purpose of removing the remains to a different position.

The body of another royal Edward, the fourth of the name, was viewed in 1789 by the curious eyes of Horace Walpole, who recorded that the waxen effigy of the king, then preserved according to ancient custom in the Abbey, was a satisfactory likeness. Horace carried off a lock of the monarch's auburn hair.

The coffin of a later and less fortunate king, Charles I., was discovered in a vault at Windsor in 1813, and was opened in the presence of George IV., then Prince-Regent; Sir Henry Halford, the famous physician; and one or two others. Sir H. Halford wrote a pamphlet describing the affair, which is probably familiar to many readers. The severed head, with the oval face and pointed beard as represented on the canvas of Vandycck, identified the remains beyond dispute. When the coffin was opened the left eye was full and open; but after a few seconds of exposure to the air it vanished. One or two small bones of the neck, left in Sir H. Halford's hand when he replaced the head in the coffin, remained in the possession of his family until a few years ago, when they were given to the Prince of Wales, by whose directions they were taken back to the vault at Windsor and placed on the king's coffin, no further attempt being made to disturb the remains.

Among minor personages whose tombs have been opened may be named the Earl of Warwick, who was buried below the chapel he founded in the great church of St Mary's, Warwick. In this case the opening was due to accident. Long centuries after the earl's death the floor of the chapel fell through, and the stone coffin containing the remains was broken open. The body was thus suddenly exposed to view, and for a few minutes the bystanders gazed upon the long-buried earl, looking but slightly different from the appearance he had borne in life. The face was natural-looking, although the eyes were a little sunken. But exposure to atmo-

spheric influence swiftly did its work, and in a moment the features were dust, and nothing remained of the earl save his hair, which some of the ladies of Warwick are reported to have forthwith braided into rings and brooches for their own personal adornment.

The grave of Hampden was opened by his biographer, Lord Nugent, who wrote that 'the body was found in such a perfect state that the picture on the staircase of the house was known to be his from the likeness.' Doubts, however, arose later as to the correctness of this identification. The resting-place of the ancestor of the Earls of Bradford, the Lord-Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, in Teddington Church, was accidentally broken into by workmen in 1832, and the body was exposed to view. The then Lord Bradford was communicated with, and came down to Teddington to see the founder of his house. The body had been embalmed, and the face looked wonderfully fresh, with flowing hair and pointed beard. After this strange interview the coffin was closed and the vault bricked up.

In Tewkesbury Abbey quite a number of the old tombs have been opened, some in 1795, some in 1875. A fourteenth-century Lady Despenser, a twelfth-century Abbot Alan, and a Lady Isabel Beauchamp, who died in 1429, were among those upon whose remains the light of day was once more poured.

Many other instances might be cited, such as the transference of the remains of Robert Burns from the family grave to the mausoleum, and the disclosure of the last resting-place of Lady Dundee and Sir George Mackenzie, both of which instances have been already mentioned in this *Journal*. One of the most curious, perhaps, is the case of Ben Jonson. When his grave in Westminster Abbey was opened in 1849 it was found that the poet had been buried bolt upright, and the skull, with remains of red hair upon it, came tumbling down into the bottom of the grave! Well might Shakespeare invoke a dire curse upon him who should dare to violate the sanctity of his last resting-place—a curse which no one yet has ventured to draw down upon himself.

BILL GOLDFIE: A PILGRIM.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON, Author of *Western Stories*.



HEN Bill's father died the boy lost his best friend. Not that Bill's father was much of a man; he was not. He was morally and physically weak, while his wife was immorally and physically strong. But, to reiterate: while Tom Goldie was his own worst enemy, he was his boy's best friend.

The life of Tom Goldie as a boy was so very different to that of his own son that it is worth a passing reference. His father (and grandfather too) was vicar choral of the grand old minster church in the little cathedral city of St Bedes, in rural England, where the atmosphere surrounding everything and everybody was ancient and venerable, but pure and good. Here, following in the

footsteps of his forebears, Tom Goldie at the tender age of seven donned a chorister-boy's surplice, and thereafter twice a day, summer and winter, year in and year out, he assisted in singing the services of the Church of England. At nine, when most boys were studying the three R's, Tom Goldie studied nothing but music. He could scarcely spell out the simple words of the Psalms; but he could read difficult music at sight, and his voice, thanks to Nature and his father's training, was as attractive and as wonderful as the voice of a lark on a June morning. At fourteen Tom's voice broke (after the manner of boys' voices), and then perforce he was absent from the cathedral for many years, and went to wrestle with grammar, geography, and arithmetic until such time as he developed a tenor voice that was as marvellously rich as his soprano had been wonderfully pure. And so again for several years the Goldies, father and son, continued to sustain the fame of the great choir of the great minster. After a time Tom married a pretty but giddy girl, who rapidly developed into a foolish, chattering, shrewish woman. But Tom managed very well to stand the trouble that came with his wife. He had his music to fall back upon, and he was always sure of relief twice a day when his duties as chorister called him to the shelter of the high-backed oaken pews, where the light fell so softly and soothingly through the gorgeous colouring of the chancel windows, and where the rich and restful tones of the grand organ lingered lovingly. And Tom forgave his wife all her foolishness, her scolding, and her wastefulness when she bore him a child—little Bill.

Baby Bill was the only being who really forced Tom Goldie to give up a share (and a very large share) of that love which had heretofore been bestowed exclusively upon music.

And poor Tom Goldie needed something to love—something upon which he might lay a tight hold—for his troubles came upon him in a heap. When little Bill was four years old Tom's father died, and the dean and chapter of the cathedral decided that they would have to appoint Tom Goldie to be the vicar choral, in succession to his father and grandfather. But that honourable and comfortable position, with its snug salary and roomy old residence in the Close, was not to be Tom's; for the poor fellow became ill and failed to grow better, until at last the doctors told him that his cough meant consumption, and that he must go to the Riviera or to Colorado if he would prolong his life a few years. So, as he could not afford the luxury of a residence upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and judged that he might more easily make a living in the Far West, he packed his belongings, bade a sad farewell to peaceful St Bedes, and with the wife who tormented him more than his cough, but also with his beloved little Bill, journeyed to the notorious, crowded, and bustling mining town of Leadison, Colorado.

It goes without saying that Tom Goldie did not

pursue his vocation at Leadison, for not a single place of worship graced that Sodom of the West, and not so much as a Salvation Army bass drum or tambourine sought to remind men of the religion of their youth. But there were saloons in plenty, with annexes of all varieties—concert-rooms, dance-halls, gambling dens, and resorts where infamous women lured the miners to share their own fearful degradation.

For a time Tom's health seemed to improve, and as long as his voice held out he was the star attraction at the Alhambra, the best (save the mark!) of the poor concert-halls in Leadison. Then, when his voice again departed—this time for ever—and the cough returned, with a full determination of staying with him to the end, the poor fellow went down several notches at once to play the tin-pan piano at 'M'Corqudale's Occidental Dancing Academy for *Ladies and Gentlemen!*'

All this time Tom was making a very precarious living, and things gradually went from bad to worse. His wife was not the woman to endeavour to brighten the outlook for her husband and boy, or even to face the future philosophically herself. As a girl she had been vain of her admittedly beautiful face, and also giddy and foolish; as a woman she had developed a bad temper as well as much laziness, and imagined herself thrown away upon Tom Goldie. Doubtless, had they all remained at St Bedes, and had Tom become vicar choral at the minster, Nellie Goldie would have been fairly well satisfied with the mild dignity of her husband's position in the church and the musical world.

He would have supported her well, and she would have been without excuse upon that score for swerving from the duties of married life. At Leadison she really had the excuse of poverty, and was surrounded by other strong temptations. Therefore, of this frail woman the less said the better. When, many years after, she was shot in a disreputable resort, few could have recognised beneath the rouge upon her face the features of the pretty Lincolnshire girl who married the first tenor of St Bedes.

And what of little Bill? He too found a vast difference between St Bedes and Leadison. He missed his little playmates and his grandparents. His tender childish heart yearned for the old home-life, with its simplicity and regularity that not even hinted of monotony to him. His memory dwelt frequently upon the towering gray minster which he had often entered with his father, only to sit alone and unseen, and to wonder if heaven itself held anything more beautiful to look upon than the wonderful stained-glass windows, or could give forth sounds more enchanting than the music of the great organ or of the hymns and anthems sung by the white-robed choristers. Poor little Bill! He could have got over all reminiscent heartaches with a few childish tears; but before

he was six years old the iron entered his very soul when he realised that the chief difference that had come into his life was the sad change in both of his parents. His mother looked upon him as an encumbrance, and the boy felt it intuitively. At first she merely neglected the little fellow. Soon she greeted him only with rough and unkind words. Later on she administered hard blows with increasing frequency, and at last she practically deserted the child.

To the matter-of-fact reader it may not seem a logical sequence that because the boy's mother changed for the worse his father should also degenerate. And yet, when you come to think of it, such a condition of affairs would be very natural; and in reality Tom Goldie (notwithstanding the years of daily precept read and expounded by the clergy of St Bedes to which he had listened—rather feebly, no doubt—twice a day for twenty years) lost his health, lost his wife, and 'lost his grip.' At Leadison his daily environment was bad; men and women gave him only cheap sympathy; and their charity, when it exceeded empty words, seldom bestowed upon the broken-down chorister more than a drink of kill-me-quick whisky. But of this, the miners' specific for drowning sorrow and hard luck, Tom Goldie imbibed far too much, and gradually developed into a sot.

He knew it. He hated himself; he hated the wretched life that he was leading; he hated his wife; but right on to the miserable end he loved his boy. Tom Goldie never failed to provide little Bill with food and clothing, and even purchased for him such toys as could be obtained at Leadison. Every night, after the piano at M'Corqudale's became silent (generally because the 'ladies and gentlemen' were no longer in a condition to keep time with their feet), no matter if drunk or how drunk, Tom would creep up to sleep with the boy, whose appreciation of his father's faithfulness, in spite of whisky, outweighed his dislike for the fumes of vile liquor.

There was a hymn which had always been Tom Goldie's favourite in the old St Bedes days—days now almost blotted out for him—and because it had been Tom's choice hymn (which he had many a time, when his voice was equal to that of any cathedral singer in England, sung at the side of little Bill's cot) it had become the favourite of his child. Tom had forgotten, or had attempted to forget, all about hymns and the old peaceful life which they were apt to recall; he could not sing them, anyway, now that his tenor voice was supplanted by a distressing cough. But Bill did not forget; and during the long hours that he passed alone each day he furbished up his memory and practised that beautiful hymn about the Pilgrims of the Night. Then one evening, when Tom Goldie crept up to their room earlier than usual, and more nearly sober than he had been for many a day, Bill

sang their old-time favourite, and surprised the wretched, dying man, who sat and listened and wept.

There was another cause for Tom's tears besides the mere fact that the floodgates of memory were unlocked; it was then and there revealed to him that little Bill had inherited the wonderful musical voice and ability of all the Goldie boys for generations past, a voice which would be fully appreciated could the child only be got back to St Bedes or some other cathedral city.

So after the hymn was ended Goldie took his child upon his knee and told him, if aught happened, that he was to remember above all things that his home was at St Bedes in England, and that he was to be a chorister; and then they talked together about the wonderful music of the far-away old minster, and that night little Bill and his father both fell asleep to dream of St Bedes, with its resounding organ and white-robed choristers.

Two months later Tom Goldie died, and the cost of his funeral was defrayed by a collection taken up at the music halls and dance-houses of Leadison. There was a surplus of a few dollars, which was turned over to little Bill Goldie, now seven and a half years old; for in a Western mining town even a cut-throat or horse-thief would scorn to rob an orphan child.

Nellie Goldie was not at the funeral, and the boy did not seek her. His childish mind was fully made up. He was going to St Bedes. He did not know that more than two thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of water intervened; but he knew the distance was great. So he made his plans after inquiring as well as he knew how of a few kindly neighbours. A small handful of dimes and quarters he kept in his pocket for the purchase of food; all the larger coin that had been turned over to him he took to the railroad agent and asked for a ticket to New York. But the agent smiled grimly, and explained that his money would only buy a ticket as far east as Omaha; so Omaha, nearly a thousand miles from Leadison, was the end of little Bill's first stage on his long pilgrimage to St Bedes, and from Omaha the lad figured that he would have to walk to New York.

So across the prairies of Iowa he trudged, past the broad but sluggish Mississippi and into Illinois; faring well enough at the hands of the farmers, who never refused the little pilgrim a bite or a place to sleep. But when, after four months of tramping, with now and then a lift in a country wagon, Bill found himself in the great, noisy, hustling, overgrown city of Chicago, it was different. There seemed to be so many other poor and lonely boys in Chicago that the people had very little time for him; while the big police officers looked at him so severely that Bill felt sure they wanted to lock him up or chase him out of town.

It seemed to a small boy like Bill Goldie to take so long to pass through the city. The first day after he found himself among the houses and stores and upon the wooden side-walks he tramped on and on, and at night crept into a shed to sleep in an empty wagon. He thought surely that the second day would see him through Chicago—for Bill much preferred the corn-fields and grass land of the prairies to the big rows of houses; besides, there were no harsh-looking policemen on the country roads. But he plodded on, and at the close of the second tiresome day, instead of finding the open country, the city became more and more dense; the rows of houses changed to monster piles of 'sky-scrappers,' which caused Bill to twist his neck quite painfully when he attempted to count the number of stories they contained; the scattered and rather shabby shops and stores of the suburbs and outlying districts were now exchanged for solid streets of great plate-glass windows, finely decorated and, toward evening, brilliantly illuminated with electric light. The streets were choke-full of vehicles, and the ceaseless sounding gongs of the cable and trolley cars were confusing in the extreme to the little pilgrim. And right at every street corner stood a helmeted police officer with any number of brass buttons and—a club! Poor little Bill Goldie! He was so very lonely among all those throngs of hurrying people, and it seemed so strange to him that he should have to crowd his way through such a hurly-burly place as Chicago to reach so quiet and restful a destination as the ancient cathedral city in the English fen country. Several times he felt as if he would like to give up his toilsome journey to creep into some dark corner and go to sleep never to wake up. Then he would think of the dear old hymn that his father taught him, and Bill Goldie counted himself in with the pilgrims of the night for whom the angels were ever singing a welcome, as he hummed, over and over: 'Onward we go, for still we hear them singing.'

The music of his own voice sounding the notes of his old favourite braced him up a little, and presently he had the courage to ask an old woman, who sat on the curb-stone selling pencils and chewing-gum, how far it was to New York. And when she squeaked out that it was just about a thousand miles, as near as she could remember, Bill's courage fell once more, and it took quite a few moments of thought about St Bedes before the lad could think of that long distance with equanimity. And then he comforted himself by softly singing another stanza of his pilgrim song:

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And tired souls by thousands weekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

All at once the boy found himself in State Street, the showiest, noisiest street of the city,

and then a sudden impulse seized him, which he acted upon immediately. It was still early in a cool but clear fall evening; pedestrians were promenading the brilliant thoroughfare by thousands—many of them wending their way to the theatres and other places of amusement—the very best of them being bound for the great auditorium where a celebrated prima donna from Europe was to entertain them. Suddenly, at the corner of State and Jackson Streets, where the electric lights sparkle and gleam, and where the throng is thickest, the perfect, clear soprano tones of a child's voice ascended; and in less than one minute many hundreds of people stood massed about little Bill Goldie, as, bare-headed, he stood on the curbing and sang, as carefully and as clearly as if he had been in the chancel of St Bedes Cathedral, the 'Pilgrims of the Night.'

When he ended there was no applause, but there were a great many moist eyes, which signified that the child had moved natures that could not have been touched by celebrated artists or world-renowned orchestras; and Bill the pilgrim discovered, as men and women pressed towards him with coin and greenbacks, that there were many kind hearts among the hustling people of ever-busy Chicago. For when the little fellow counted the money thus bestowed he found upon inquiry that he had sufficient to purchase a ticket to New York, and just one dollar left over to pay for his slender meals.

But Bill never had the nerve to sing again on a public highway; the impulse only came to him once.

Two days later found our young traveller at the seaboard, his long overland journey ended; and now he haunted the New York docks in search of a steamer on which to ensconce himself as a stow-away. By this time Bill Goldie was almost eight years old, though the poor little chap felt much older. He could read fairly well, and as he wandered along the miles and miles of docks he deciphered the names of the great steamers and sailing-ships. There were the monster liners from Liverpool and London and Glasgow, which stood out of the water to such a great height as to convince the boy that it would be useless to attempt to crawl into those floating hotels without being observed. Many sailing-vessels, with their ropes and spars, seemed to offer special inducements for boarding them unperceived; but Bill knew that sails were slower than steam, so passed them by. Finally his inclinations narrowed down to two big freighters, which he learned were about ready to put to sea—the *Queen of the Mersey* of Liverpool, and the *Sarah Jane* of Hull. He asked a sailor-man to tell him which was nearer to St Bedes—Liverpool or Hull—and the man, being from Glasgow, said the only saints he 'kenned' were St Andrew and St Enoch; but, drawing a bow at a venture, thought Hull might be a 'wee bit' nearer.

So that night, having spent his last few cents for a paper bag of hard biscuits by way of victuals for the sea voyage, Bill, feeling like a culprit, sneaked aboard the *Sarah Jane* and stowed himself in the hold among thousands of sacks of flour and potatoes, and likewise thousands of rats.

The poor fellow had some idea of making himself known, and throwing himself upon the tender mercy of the captain and crew after the steamer got well under way; but when at daybreak he heard the clank of loosened chains and the shrieking and puffing of the tug which pushed the *Sarah Jane's* nose out of her dock, and above all the awful swearing of the mate and the boatswain, Bill concluded that he would rather endure hunger and solitude and rats than come in contact with such rough and blasphemous men as seemed to be in charge of the *Sarah Jane*.

The old freighter plugged along at the rate only of seven or eight knots an hour, so that it was more than two weeks before she arrived at her destination; and during all that time the lad never left his hiding-place except three or four times, when, in sheer desperation, he crawled on deck in the dead of night to obtain a drink of water for his parched lips. His bag of dry biscuits he eked out by the aid of some of the raw potatoes; but after the first day or two his appetite failed and he did not feel particularly hungry. But the bad air, the confinement, the fear lest he might be discovered, and his general weariness and exhaustion gradually told upon him; and when the *Sarah Jane* headed into the English Channel, Bill had no desire for food of any kind—only for water. He was in the throes of a high fever, although he did not know it, and would probably have succumbed very speedily, only that, when in the darkness he crawled to the water-cask, he noticed lights along the shore (for they were near Falmouth), which gave the little fellow courage to hope on—even though he was ignorant as to whether it would take two hours or two days to reach Hull. As a matter of fact it was two days before Bill, now very weak indeed, heard the hustle and bustle of tying up to the dock, and then he braced himself by a great effort and crept ashore.

The poor fellow did not know that could he but cross the Humber to Grimsby he might save many miles of tramping; but his spirits had already risen; so, weak and weary though he was, he asked for the road to St Bedes, and set out upon his last stage—a walk of more than a hundred miles. He had to beg for all his meals now; but none refused the pale-faced, ragged, and evidently sick little wanderer, and many a Lincolnshire housewife invited him in to rest. With some of them he might have stayed indefinitely; but Bill Goldie had only one object in view: he must reach St Bedes, his old home—his only home, the one place on earth of which he knew where a

Goldie and a musical voice would be appreciated; if they would take him and make him a chorister in the well-remembered and well-beloved old minster, it was all that Bill would ask of God or man.

So on he plodded, until one damp November morning, when towards noon, the sun having cleared away the fog, he saw a short distance ahead the gray towers of St Bedes Cathedral!

The boy's heart gave a bound, and a strange light in his great eyes illuminated with a holy joy of sublime satisfaction the haggard little face.

There before him, almost within reach, was the goal towards which his footsteps had been bent and upon which his mind had been set for six long months. To reach it he had jolted over Western railroads and tramped across a thousand miles of prairie, had been jostled through the streets of Chicago, and had endured cruel confinement in the hold of an ocean steamer. His limbs ached and his feet were sore, but his pain and weariness were quite forgotten as he now pressed forward to reach before nightfall the shelter of those venerable walls.

At four o'clock that afternoon Bill Goldie dragged himself into the minster and seated himself in one of the old oaken pews, where in days gone by he had often waited for his father. Although it was the hour for evensong the great church was only dimly lighted, for but very few people attended the weekday services. Shortly the beautiful tones of the organ softly sounded forth until they filled every nook and corner of the minster; then from the vestry-room emerged the chorister boys and men of St Bedes singing sweetly—oh, joy for Bill Goldie!—the 'Pilgrims of the Night.' And as they sang the hymn with which the tired little traveller had charmed the side-walk audience in Chicago, the boy was overcome with a sense of restful happiness, and passed into a half-unconscious doze, lulled by the words which arose from the choir and filled the cathedral to its groined roof:

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

The lad was fast asleep when they locked the minster for the night; and in the early morning, when the old verger and his wife came in to do the daily dusting, they found the little boy still slumbering. For Bill Goldie had passed from the minster that his childish heart had loved so well to the land where 'they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

THE ATLANTIC PASSAGE TO-DAY.

BY AN OLD TRAMP.

MY first voyage to America was made in the little—even then old-fashioned, and now discarded—*Marathon*, and it was the only really tempestuous experience I ever had on the ocean, though I have sailed the Indian Ocean and crossed the Atlantic by all the leading lines which have been running vessels from Liverpool, Southampton, and Glasgow since the 22d of December 1874, when I took passage in the steerage of the *Marathon* for Boston.

When I sailed by the sailor-like, broad-beamed *Marathon*, the Cunard vessels provided no second-class accommodation, and the steerage was of the ordinary rough description written up—or, rather, down—time and again by a succession of discontented travellers. I bought my bed and bedding and table equipage of tin on the wharf. My mattress, with its attached pillow, was made of cork and shavings, and I was told encouragingly by the vendor that it would serve excellently as a life-preserver in case of necessity—a recommendation that availed but little in the night-watches, when a sack of Bermuda potatoes would have served the purpose of a bed quite as well. Our food, coarse but plentiful of its kind, was literally thrown at us three times a day by the steerage stewards, who regarded us as beings of an inferior order to themselves. All the way we had to struggle against terrible headwinds and heavy, rolling white-capped seas; and for two whole days the ship laboured so heavily and shipped so many seas that we steerage passengers were battened down under hatches in the cold and darkness of our dismal den, where, as ever and anon our ship listed heavily, we could hear the tremendous thump overhead as a sea weighing tons fell on the deck; this would be accompanied by a deafening noise of smashing crockery aft of us, mingled with the wild, hissing swish of the seething waters as they rushed past our closed portholes, and the roaring of the blast in the rigging, the shrill call of the boatswain's whistle, piping all hands to trim some sail or secure the floating wreckage on the swamped deck. For that was the era of sails as well as of sailors on board a big steamship; and we, who were barque-rigged, were well provided with both.

There are few sailors on board a liner nowadays; they are not required, except as quartermasters or steersmen. The *Germanic* and *Britannic* of the White Star Line, as well as the vessels of the Glasgow lines, carry some canvas on their spars for steadyng purposes; but all these ships belong to a *passé* stage in the evolution of the ocean steamship. And on the very biggest of the

Atlantic boats—and they are the biggest afloat: the *Campania* and *Lucania*, not to mention the lately launched *Oceania*, being each 12,950 tons—there are not fifty sailors aboard.

Before a ship starts her crew is mustered. All in a row they stand, that the owners may see what manner of men they are; and in that long rank of two to four hundred men and boys the thoroughbred sailors require looking for. In these transition days the crew of a passenger vessel consists mainly of so-called 'idle'—idle who are in constant work; and though all employed on board earn their livelihood on the sea, not a fifth of them are regarded as seamen or draw a quarter of the wages. Half the crew are employed in the engine-room or its belongings; the other half are in the saloons and on the deck; and the stewards alone are to the sailors as three to one. The sailors, including the officers, have rarely begun life on a steamboat. They have nearly all served their time on sailing-vessels; and on the principal lines a very large number of the crew have been taught in the Royal Navy, and left it when at the close of their twelve years their country had thought it wise to let them go adrift in order that they may spread among the masses a few notions of discipline and efficiency; and there is no doubt that they do this, and that the more there are of them the better for both services. For in these days an able seaman in the navy has to know as much as a lieutenant did fifty years ago. He is the best-trained sailor afloat, and is, as a rule, to the rank and file what a skilled mechanic is to his labourer.

There are few more interesting scenes than the departure of one of the larger passenger boats from the docks at Southampton or Liverpool on Wednesday or Saturday. You have often heard of it, perhaps; but go and see it just as a boat is getting under way, as a bystander with no personal interest in any one aboard—you will appreciate it all the more, and you will not have to wait so long. Up goes the gangway, and there she floats, a world in miniature, kept in place only by gravitation. She is loaded down to her limit, and her decks fore and aft are alive with passengers, first class, second, and third. There is little movement, but plenty of excitement on the ship and on the shore; both crowds are ready to laugh or cry at the least incident. Shouts there are, mostly congratulatory; some of sadness, some otherwise; a good deal of human nature, and not a little humour of the gallery sort. Notice how order begins to reign as soon as the last rope is dropped and how the ship, after the snorting little tug has swung her off.

from the wharf, seems to straighten herself up for her march past the line of shipping in the harbour. In the first hundred yards you will have left off watching her passengers to pick out her officers at their posts—the first officer in the bow, the second aft, the captain on the bridge, with the pilot close at hand. For a minute or so, while the screw gives a churn, churn deep down, there is a fight between steam and stream; but steam wins, and slowly, very slowly at first, and under her own steam, the ship begins to move. Good-bye! good-bye! The last link has been broken. Faster glides the ship, surely but imperceptibly increasing speed as she moves out, while innumerable fluttering handkerchiefs are waving farewell and a blessing from ship and shore.

Formerly you had to find your way to the port of departure as best you could; now you begin your passage in London. The Midland and North-Western were the first to foster this kind of traffic with the Liverpool boats; but now the Great Eastern and South-Western are more largely concerned in it—especially the latter, which has seven or eight special boat-trains out of Waterloo every week—with the object, of course, of showing that for all practical purposes Southampton is as near London as the Albert or Tilbury Docks.

In these days of competition the passenger is not easily or inexpensively caught. The advertisements, avowed and otherwise, thought necessary to attract his attention cost a small fortune; and agents are spread widely over the land, often out of all proportion to the population around. And when the passenger is safe on board his ways must be made smooth for him, and he must be treated tenderly and considerately—even as a steerage passenger—or his friends 'try the other line.' Most of the large lines have the credit of introducing some innovation that has increased either the facilities of navigation or the comfort of the passengers. The Inman Line was noted in its day for its comfortable intermediate (now called second cabin) accommodation. The White Star Line was the first to abolish the cumbersome bowsprit, in the interests of speedy dockings; it took the lead also in placing the saloon amidships, where the motion of the vessel and the vibration of the screw—or now rather twin screws—is least felt. But it was the American Line which, with the usual Yankee enterprise, first brought in two improvements the want of which had long been felt. They began to run their special trains to the very gangway of the incoming or outgoing boat, compelling the Cunard and White Star lines in a short time to follow suit, or 'get left;' and they made such alterations in their steerage that the old bad system has already become matter of ancient history on all the lines, which now furnish their third-class passengers gratis with all necessities for the voyage, as

well as with better accommodation and general treatment.

The Cunard Line has the finest second cabin accommodation of all. In fact, the now second cabin on the three big lines is but a modified and less luxurious saloon, whereas on some of the smaller lines it is but a superior steerage costing six pounds, the steerage being five; while on the big liners the steerage costs five pounds ten shillings and the second cabin from eight pounds eight shillings upwards. I sailed in the second cabin of the *Campania*, in the summer of 1893, to New York, when that boat was crowded with Europeans on their way to the Chicago Exposition, and I could not see how in anything that regarded comfort, or even luxury, the saloon passengers could be better treated than we were—always excepting the exclusiveness so dear to some people, but which to the cosmopolitan traveller is a bar to the enjoyment of the voyage rather than an advantage.

But in the matter of steerage improvement, though desirable alterations, especially in regard to separate and well-furnished bunks, were introduced some years ago by the White Star Line on the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, and more recently still on the 'half-breed' steamer *Cymric* (which has no second cabin) by the addition of a comfortable smoking-room for the steerage passengers—hitherto relegated to the deck for the enjoyment of the weed—the two new boats of the American line, the *St Paul* and the *St Louis*, which first took the water in 1895, easily 'take the cake,' to use the nigger slang phrase.

Of course when these boats, the *St Louis* and *St Paul*—the *Paris* and *New York* being the two Inman liners of that name, curtailed of the old company badge 'City'—are crowded with emigrants, many compartments of a rougher sort have to be opened to receive them; but the steerage proper, or steerage cabin, which is large enough to accommodate all the passengers coming from the American side, is a solid fact that will bear investigation. A finely carved walnut-wood bannister guards a companion-way whose steps are ribbed with shining brass bands; comfortably bedded state-rooms for two, four, and six persons, each room completely isolated from its neighbour on each side, and provided with clothes-pegs, a seat, and an electric light; plenty of light and comfortable sitting accommodation in the main or dining cabin, round which these cosy little bunks are arranged, and screened off from view at the occupant's pleasure by a neat bar-and-ring curtain; a well-furnished table with white tablecloth and bright dinner-service on it, and stewards who know better than to treat too superciliously any of the passengers sailing under that flag—these are some of the features of the steerage of the American liners *St Louis* and *St Paul*, on both of which I had experience of it.

Whenever it is possible the British and

American elements in the steerage are segregated from the other nationalities, except perhaps the German, who, being more akin than the others to his Anglo-Saxon fellow-passengers, and seeming to have a miraculous gift of speedily learning their language, easily falls into their ways. With the Italians, who are increasing year by year in numbers and in influence in America, the case is different; the Scandinavians, on first going out at least, are very clannish, and keep their own company; while the Finns, a rough and loud-talking but exceedingly good-natured folk, are so much addicted to munching the raw herrings with which the companies liberally supply them, at all hours of the day and night, that a passenger who misses a berth in the main steerage, and is thus driven to herd with them, is likely to have a sufficiently unpleasant time of it. But all those nationalities are desirable emigrants in Uncle Sam's eyes, as also is, of course, the Irishman who, knowing his way about, sticks fondly to New York or one of the other large cities, and becomes a policeman or a politician, or both in one. The Norwegians and Finns, and many of the English and Germans, make their way to the great West, where they, with the ever-westward moving down-east Yankee, form the bone and sinew of the farming population of the Republic.

It is demanded of every emigrant, unless a friend or relation claims him (or her) on landing at Castle Garden, where often as many as three thousand emigrants in a week are sorted and forwarded to their various destinations, that he show himself to be possessed of at least six pounds; but this provision is often winked at by the discriminating officer in favour of any able-bodied English-speaker. If, however, a young man without the requisite six pounds pass-money to show on landing wishes to make sure of not being rejected, all he has to do is to engage a second cabin passage in one of the Glasgow boats, which costs only ten shillings more than the steerage on the English lines, and then he can step ashore at New York without any questions asked, for the second cabiner is not counted among the emigrants, even though he may be one. Despite this money qualification, the tide of emigration has not been lessened; and the American Government, often at its wits'-end, every now and again moves helplessly to impose some new restriction, such as the ability to read and speak the English language. These poor oppressed wretches of the Nearer East manage to scrape the six pounds together somehow, perhaps starving themselves for years to do so. I have seen a Polish Jew, with hardly a rag to his back, and a few belongings tied in a bit of dirty canvas, fork out his pass-money at once, at the wicket of the Barge Office, Castle Garden—a place where on landing-days, with the emigrants of three or four incoming

steamers to be handled, is presented a scene of hubbub and confusion such as has not its like in the world.

Goethe puts into the mouth of one of his characters in *Wilhelm Meister* the following sentiment: 'Since Time is not a person whom we can overtake when he is past us, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.' Always excepting a certain proportion of the passengers who are doomed, even in fine weather, to be afflicted with sea-sickness, this strikes the prevailing note on board a Transatlantic steamer when well under way. Some people find time heavy on their hands when they are at sea. It is apt to be so unless one makes friends with one's neighbours, or is prepared beforehand, like Macaulay, with a library to be digested during the passage. Upon the whole, it is much better, as well as easier, to chatter idly, or read for diversion, or, better still, to lounge about doing nothing at all, than to undertake a course of study at sea. The idleness of the sea is charming, and work, except at the dinner-table, is not to be endured. Besides, it is wonderful what a stock of information it is possible to acquire in a week's voyage to New York if you are lucky in your selection of temporary intimates.

The steerage passengers have hearts like the rest of the world, and they make themselves merry on deck in the evenings in their own way. They trill forth 'In the sweet By-and-by,' or 'Home, sweet Home,' or 'There is a Land,' or mayhap 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' with a most disastrous amount of sweetness and pathos. It needs no wizard to know that their eyes are moist as they gaze upon the stars or upon the darkening waste of waters, flecked with the foam of the white horses, while sitting side by side, hand-in-hand, or with the old folks of their parties pillow'd against their strong pliant bodies—all thus going into exile.

When everything else palls, there is one subject which is of perennial interest at sea, and that is the daily 'run,' with its corollary, the record of the route; which topic is officially encouraged as much as possible by the presentation of the passenger list and pocket chart. On these points the old voyager and the well-primed first-crosser have much to say. You will hear the well-worn tale of the Atlantic from the earliest period, from the last paddle-boat, the Cunard *Scotia*, which brought the record down to nine days, down to the successive feats of the *Britannic*, the *Arizona*, the *Alaska*, the *Umbria*, the *Oregon*, and the *City of Paris*, which latter brought it within six days, till we come to the *Campania* and *Lucania*, *Teutonic*, and *St Paul*, of our own days, which run so closely that the difference of time between their performances is but the fraction of an hour. And you will hear that it could soon be done in five days were it not for

the price of coals; and, more extraordinary still, that it may be done in four and even in three, when the Grand Canadian Pacific scheme comes off, by which the boats are to run to Louisburg. And the mention of the Cape Breton haven of promise will naturally lead on to the St Lawrence records, which the ill-fated Dominion liner *Labrador* was lowering hour by hour before she met with disaster among the Hebrides.

It has become a truism that a great ocean liner is a little world in itself, its human freight consisting often of considerably over a thousand souls—literally all sorts and conditions of men. There is no place in the world like the deck of an Atlantic liner on a fine day for studying the dispositions, manners, and foibles of your fellow-creatures. Every race and nationality in Europe is represented in the well-ordered crowd with which you mingle so freely. Leaving out the two upper sections, if you are travelling westward in the steerage, which may be called the great nursery of the naturalised American citizen of the future, you will find yourself among rough, ungainly, undeveloped men and women. Coming back, say a few years afterwards, you will meet these same people, or people like unto them, returning on a long-yearned-for visit to the old home, but so transformed by the influences and experiences of their new free life in the boundless West that the difference is best expressed by saying that the eastward-bound steerage passengers are many degrees more advanced in the social scale, more alert-minded and resourceful, as well as better provided with the good things of life, than those travelling in the same class westward.

Thus, in alternate pleasant converse and indolent, restful longing, the days slip half-dreamily by till we reach the Banks of Newfoundland, where we are intermittently enveloped in chilly, shifting fogs for a day or so, and then our brave ship's prow is turned southwards, and we soon gain a warmer, serener latitude, with the blue American dome overhead, and our port not far distant on our starboard bow. The last day of our voyage comes in due time; and as soon as we are well in the Hudson, and begin to recognise the old landmarks of the American shore, the old forces of civilisation return to take up their abode with us. We stop off Quarantine at Staten Island while the Government medical officer comes on board and rapidly but keenly scrutinises the steerage passengers. This inspection over, steam is got up again, and we sail up the river to our wharf, say the American Line one, which lies nearest to the Brooklyn Bridge. Here, you and I, being in the steerage, if we have our citizenship or naturalisation papers with us, present them to the proper officer, and are then allowed on shore with the saloon and second cabin passengers. If we are without such passport, we have a long and dreary wait on the exposed wharf before we are taken with our belongings

on board the emigrant barge, a two-storied affair, inside of which the crowd is penned off into sections in roped enclosures arranged alphabetically. 'Thank heaven!' we say to ourselves, 'we have escaped that ordeal, and the far worse one afterwards at the Barge Office,' and we make our way gaily up to Park Row, near the bridge entrance, and enter the bar-room of the International Hotel to have a little refreshment before crossing the bridge. And see! it is on the stroke of noon, when we can have a free lunch of excellent tomato soup, with bread and meat and a vegetable or two—a 'square meal,' in fact—all included in our glass of lager beer, for which we pay five cents or twopence-halfpenny. The free lunch! Blessed, cheering boon, native only to the American soil! When we have thus cheaply and satisfactorily fortified the inner man, and we step into the handsomely equipped electric car which is presently to spin us rapidly across the great bridge, we begin to ask ourselves in the secret recesses of our hearts, which nation, after all, do we belong to—England or the United States? Ponder it carefully, and the answer comes in a still small voice—'To both,' for both are really but one, in essence and tendency—the obverse and reverse sides of the same medal.

TO TIME.

OFF! abhorred Iconoclast!

Ruthless hands withhold;

Fling not from their pedestals

All our gods of gold:

Friendship, failing of fruition;

Love, with sweet eyes blind;

Beauty, with a glance misleading;

Pleasure, cypress-twined;

With thy visage saturnine

Mock not our dismay,

As they fall to earth, revealing

Piteous feet of clay.

For we loved them, fell Destroyer,

Loved those idols frail,

Though they lie there now, unsmiling,

Passionless, and pale.

And their memories alluring

Haunt life's after-hours,

As the winds of autumn murmur

Dirges for dead flowers.

And though, Time, thy Vandal fingers

Break them one by one,

We shall find our lost ideals

When thy sands are run.

LOUISA ADDEY.